

FOLK SONGS FROM SOMERSET.



FOLK SONGS

FROM SOMERSET

GATHERED AND EDITED
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY
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AND
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Vicar of Hawridge



THIRD SERIES.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



P R E F A C E.



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INTRODUCTION.



INGENUOUSLY simple persons have sometimes asked the Editors of *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, whether it is not true, as one country Reviewer gravely told the public, that the ballads are written by the literary editor and that some charming melodies have been composed for the same by the musical editor. To such the reply is modestly emphatic, namely, that to be able to compose melodies of the sweep, power, variety, and intricacy of these, would place any man instantly at the head of all the melodists of the world. Indeed no one man, not even if he were a Beethoven, could compose tunes of such good general level, and at times of such surpassing excellence, as those which have been evolved or composed communally by many generations of men in the long period of the racial life. If any one questions this, let him compare the folk-melodies of England, not with the harmonic compositions and the orchestral pieces, symphonies and sonatas of great writers, but with the melodies, the sheer melodies, of any one man he chooses to name. Possibly the challenge might be extended even to the community tunes of other peoples, but to decide this would require a great and detached umpire and one who is above all national prejudice. Meanwhile here is our national heritage, or some salvage of it, and it is enough to be glad that it is rescued for us, without belittling more careful and less wasteful peoples.

The Editors, even at the risk of seeming ungrateful to some who have sung these folk-songs in public, cannot but point out once more, that folk-song loses much of its effect if it is not rendered with the utmost simplicity and directness and with close attention to time and rhythm. A singer, who alternately rushes and languishes, proceeds with uneven gait, and uses all the tricks which are supposed to give expression to some hypothetical dramatic emotions, is a mere foreigner in the world of Folk-song. These methods may be useful or even needful, when an inane melody is rendered which needs strong individual expression to conceal its lack of passion and reality. Such melodies may be thus impeded out by singers, who a few minutes before have never heard of their existence. But Folk-song demands severer and less individualist treatment. It carries its passion in itself, and consequently it is merely marred by having the individual *ego* superimposed upon it. For this very reason also the Folk-song requires to be intimately and accurately known, before it can be rendered effectively. But then it is worth the pains which it demands.

C. L. M.



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FOLK SONGS.



LV. THE BRISK YOUNG WIDOW.

Allegro moderato.

In Ches - ter town there lived A

Allegro moderato.

mf

brisk young wi - dow; For beau - ty and fine clothes, None could ex - cel her.

She was pro - per stout and tall, Her fin - gers long and small, She's a

come - ly dame with - a - l, She's a brisk young widow. A

FINE.

THE BRISK YOUNG WIDOW.

- 1 In Chester town there lived
A brisk young widow ;
For beauty and fine clothes,
None could ~~see~~ her.
She was proper stout and tall,
Her fingers long and small,
She's a comely dame withal,
She's a brisk young widow.
- 2 A lover soon there came,
A brisk young farmer,
With his hat turned up all round,
Thinking to gain her :
My dear, for love of you
This wide world I'll go through,
If you will but prove true,
You shall wed a farmer.
- 3 Says she : I'm not for you,
Nor no such fellow.
I'm for a lively lad
With land and riches.
It's not your hogs and yows
Can maintain furbelow.
My silk and satin clothes
Are all my glory.
- 4 O Madam don't be coy,
For all your glory,
For fear of another day
And another story.
If the world on you should frown,
Your top knot must come down,
To a linsey-woolsey gown,
Where is then your glory ?
- 5 At last there came that way,
A sooty collier,
With his hat bent down all round,
He soon did gain her.
Whereat the farmer swore :
The widow's mazed I'm sure ;
And I'll never court no more
A brisk young widow.

LVI. THE BOLD LIEUTENANT.

Moderato.

O Yes ! St. James' - s there lives a

Moderato.

mf *rali.* *mf*

la - dy And she's a beau - ty both fine and fair. O yes ! St. James' - s there lives a

la - dy, Worth twen-ty thou - sand pounds a year. O Yes ! this la - dy is full re -

- solv - ed That she no bride..... to man shall be..... Un - less that



THE BOLD LIEUTENANT.

1 O YES ! St James's there lives a lady
And she's a beauty both fine and fair.
O Yes ! St James there lives a lady,
Worth twenty thousand pounds a year.

2 O Yes ! this lady is full resolv-ed
That she no bride to man shall be,
Unless that he be some man of honour
As shewn in war, by land or sea.

3 Two loving brothers then came a courting
A courting of this noble dame
And she resolved to try to prove them
Which of them two would win the game.

4 The first of them was a gallant Captain
Who served the king under Colonel Carr,
The other was a bold Lieutenant
Of the Tiger ship, a man-of-war.

5 She bade her coachman for to make ready
Unto the Tower to drive all three
Where she would spend but one single hour
The lions and tigers for to see.

6 The lions and tigers they made a roaring
When in the den she threw her fan :
Which of you lovers true will win the lady
Can do so, if you play the man.

7 Up then, declared the faint hearted Captain :
Your offer, lady, I don't approve,
For in that den, that great den of danger
I'll venture not, for any Love.

8 Up then and loud spoke the bold Lieutenant,
His voice did sound out so brave and clear :
But in that den, that great den of danger,
My life I'll venture for my de'.

9 O then the den he so stoutly entered,
The lions and tigers looked fierce and grim ;
He never saw there the least of danger
But faced them looking fierce at him.

10 But when they found that his blood was royal
Down at his feet they all crouched and lay.
And down he stooped and the fan he gathered,
And proudly bore the prize away.

LVII. A FARMER'S SON SO SWEET.

Moderato e semplice.

A far - mer's son so sweet, A

Moderato e semplice.

keep - ing of his sheep, So care - less fell a - sleep, While his

lambs were play-ing. A fair young la - dy gay, By

chance she came that way. And found a - sleep he lay, Whom she

loved so dear. She kissed his lips so sweet, As
 he lay fast a - sleep. I fear my heart will break For
 you my dear. His flock he laid a -
 side: Made her his gen - tle bride. In wed - lock she was

he lay fast a - sleep. I fear my heart will break For
 you my dear. His flock he laid a -
 side: Made her his gen - tle bride. In wed - lock she was

1st time. 2nd time.
 you my dear. His flock he laid a -
 side: Made her his gen - tle bride. In wed - lock she was

1st time. 2nd time.
 you my dear. His flock he laid a -
 side: Made her his gen - tle bride. In wed - lock she was



A FARMER'S SON SO SWEET.

- 1 A FARMER's son so sweet,
A keeping of his sheep,
So careless fell asleep,
While his lambs were playing.
- 2 A fair young lady gay,
By chance she came that way.
And found asleep he lay,
Whom she loved so dear.
- 3 She kissed his lips so sweet,
As he lay fast asleep.
I fear my heart will break
For you, my dear.
- 4 She said : Awake I pray,
The sun is on the hay ;
Your flock will go astray
From you, my dear.
- 5 He woke with great surprise
And saw her handsome eyes.
An angel from the skies
She did appear.
- 6 For your sweet sake alone,
I wandered from my home :
My friends are dead and gone :
I am missed by none.
- 7 His flock he laid aside :
Made her his gentle bride.
In wedlock she was tied
To the farmer's son.

LVIII. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Andante maestoso.

There came three men from out the West Their

Andante maestoso.

f > > > *p*

vic - to - ry to try, And they have ta - ken a so - lemn oath John

cres. *f*

Bar - ley-corn should die..... Sing ri fol lol, the did - die al the dee,

dim. *p*

Right fal lee - ro dee. They took a plough and ploughed him in, Laid

f *mf* *m.s.* *cres.*

clods up - on his head : And they have ta - ken a

so - lemn oath John Bar - ley - corn is dead..... Sing

dim.

ri fol lol, the did - dile al the dee, Right fat lee - ro

dolce.

f

dee. So

FINE.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

- 1 THERE came three men from out the West
Their victory to try,
And they have taken a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal leero dee.
- 2 They took a plough and ploughed him in,
Laid clods upon his head :
And they have taken a solemn oath
John Barleycorn is dead.
- 3 So then he lay for a full fortnight
Till the dew from heaven did fall :
John Barleycorn sprung up again
And that surprised them all.
- 4 But when he faced the summer sun
He looked both pale and wan,
For all he had a spiky beard
To shew he was a man.
- 5 But soon came men with sickles sharp
And chopped him to the knee.
They rolled and tied him by the waist
And served him barb'rously.
- 6 With forks they stuck him to the heart
And banged him over stones,
And sent the men with holly clubs
To batter at his bones.
- 7 But Barleycorn has noble blood,
It lives when it is shed.
It turns a tinker to a lord
It fills the empty head.
- 8 It makes the widow's heart to sing,
And turns the coward bold :
It fills the cupboard and the purse
With bread and meat and gold.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal leero dee.

LIX. THE CRABFISH.

Allegro con spirito.

There was a lit - tle man and he

Allegro con spirito.

had a lit - tle wife, And he loved her as dear as he loved his life. Mash-a row dow dow dow

trees,

did - dle all the day, Mash-a row dow dow dow did - die all the day. Now

she fell a - sick, O, and all her wish Was just to put her lips to a

mf

THE CRABFISH.

1 THERE was a little man and he had a little wife,
And he loved her as dear as he loved his life.
Masha row dow dow dow diddle all the day,
Masha row dow dow dow diddle all the day.

2 Now she fell a-sick, O, and all her wish
Was just to put her lips to a little
crabfish.
Masha row dow, etc., etc.

3 Then up her man arose and he girt
him in his clothes,
And down to the sea side he followed
his nose.
Masha row dow, etc., etc.

4 O fishermen, O fishermen, O come
and tell me,
Have you a little crabfish you can
sell me?
Masha row dow, etc., etc.

5 O yes and O yes, I have one two and
and three,
And the best of them all I will sell thee.
Masha row dow, etc., etc.

6 So he caught him and bought him
and clapt him on a dish.
O wife put thy lips to this little crab-
fish.
Masha row dow, etc., etc.

7 Then the wife just to smell him pop-
ped up from the clothes,
When up got the crabfish and nipped
her by the nose.
Masha row dow, etc., etc.

8 Hey man and ho man, come hither do ye hear?
But the crabfish was ready and caught him by the ear.
Masha row dow dow dow diddle all the day,
Masha row dow dow dow diddle all the day.

LX. BINGO.

Con Vito.

There was an old dog, and he lived at the mill, And Bin - go was his

Con Vito.

p

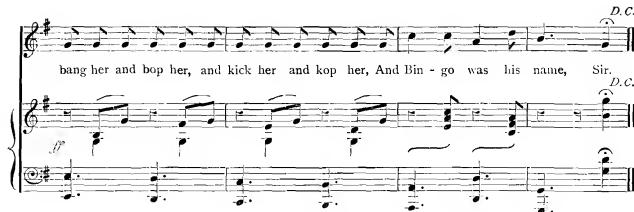
name, Sir. B. I. N. G. O. Bang her and bop her, and

S. T. I. N. G. O.

mf

kick her and kop her, And Bin - go was his name, Sir. You sing bang her, and

I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And



BINGO.

- 1 THERE was an old dog, and he lived at the mill,
And Bingo was his name, Sir.
B. I. N. G. O.
Bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her.
And Bingo was his name, Sir.
You sing bang her, and I'll sing bop her,
And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her,
And bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her,
And Bingo was his name, Sir.
- 2 The miller he bought him a barrel of ale,
And called it right good Stingo;
S. T. I. N. G. O.
Bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her,
And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her,
And bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her,
And Stingo was its name, Sir.
- 3 The miller, he went to town one day,
And bought a wedding ring, O.
R. I. N. G. O.
Bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her,
And Ring O was its name, Sir.
You sing bang her, and I'll sing bop her,
And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her,
And bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her,
And Ring O was its name, Sir.
- 4 Now is not this a pretty tale ?
I swear it is by Jingo.
J. I. N. G. O.
Bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her,
And swear it is by Jingo.
You sing bang her, and I'll sing bop her,
And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her,
And bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her,
And swear it is by Jingo.

LXI. THE WATCHET SAILOR.

Allegro con spirito.

As I was a-walk-ing down
Watch-et Swayne Street, A jol-ly old ship-mate I chanced for to
meet. Hul-lo! bro-ther sai-lor, you're wel-come to home, In

sea - son to Watch - et I think you are come. Now don't you re-

mem - ber once court - ing a maid? But through your long ab - sence she's

going to be wed. To - mor - row in Bris - tol this wed - ding's to

be And I am in - vi - ted the same for to see. Jack

went and got li - cence the ve - ry same night, And walked in - to

Bris - tol as soon as 'twas light. He sat in the Tem - ple church-

- yard for a while Till he saw the bride com - ing, which caused jack to

smile. He

FINE.

THE WATCHET SAILOR.

- 1 As I was a-walking down Watchet Swayne Street,
A jolly old shipmate I chanced for to meet.
Hullo ! brother sailor you're welcome to home,
In season to Watchet I think you are come.
- 2 Now don't you remember once courting a maid ?
But through your long absence she's going to be wed.
To-morrow in Bristol this wedding's to be
And I am invited the same for to see.
- 3 Jack went and got licence the very same night,
And walked into Bristol as soon as 'twas light.
He sat in the Temple churchyard for a while
Till he saw the bride coming, which caused Jack to smile.
- 4 He went and he took the fair maid by the hand :
You're going to be married, as I understand.
But if you're to marry, why you must be mine :
So I have come here for to baulk your design.
- 5 Alas ! said this fair maid, now what shall I do ?
I know I was solemnly promised to you.
The sailor's my true love, and I'll be his bride ;
There's none in this world I can fancy beside.
- 6 Then the tailor, he roared like a man that is mad,
I'm ruined, I'm ruined, I'm ruined, he said.
All you that have sweethearts, wed quick while you may,
Or else the Jack Tars, they will take them away.

LXII. WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE.

Allegretto e semplice.

Allegretto e semplice.

Mo - ther I wish to get

mar - - - - - I wish to be a bride..... I wish to walk with

that young man For ev - er by his side..... For ev - er by his side O how

hap - py as his wife; For I'm young and mer - ry and al - most wea - ry Of



WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE.

1 MOTHER I wish to get married,
I wish to be a bride.
I wish to walk with that young man
For ever by his side.
For ever by his side
O how happy as his wife ;
For I'm young and merry and almost weary
Of this my single life.

2 O daughter I was twenty
Before that I was wooed,
And every year of all the score
I found so free and good.
O mother that may be
But it's not the case with me ;
For I'm young and merry and almost weary
A maiden still to be.

3 Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a sheep.
I cannot whistle, mother,
But sadly I can weep.
My single life does grieve me,
That fills my heart with fear ;
For it is a burden, a heavy burden,
'Tis more than I can bear.

4 Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a cow.
I cannot whistle, mother,
Indeed I know not how.
My single life does grieve me,
That fills my heart with fear ;
For it is a burden, a heavy burden,
'Tis more than I can bear.

5 Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And I'll wed you to a man.
(Whistles.) *or* { I cannot whistle, mother,
You see how well I can. { But I'll do the best I can.
Eye, fye, you saucy jade,
I will bring your courage down :
Take off your silk and satin
Put on your working gown.

6 Mother, be not cruel,
Nor send me to the corn
Where every lass will find a lad
Or wish she never were born.
For now, the lads all tell me,
I'm tall and handsome grown :
And it is a pity a maid so pretty,
Should live and die alone.

LXIII. THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.

Allegro con grazia.

O Mad - am, I will
give to you The keys of Can - ter - bur - y, And all the bells in
Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry, If you will be my
joy, My sweet and on - ly dear,..... And walk a - long with



me, a - ny - where..... I shall not, Sir, ac-

dolce.



- cept of you The keys of Can - ter - bry, Nor all the bells in



Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry. I will not be your



joy,..... your sweet and on - ly dear,..... Nor walk a - long with



THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.

- 1 O MADAM, I will give to you
The keys of Canterbury,
And all the bells in London
Shall ring to make us merry,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.
- 2 I shall not, Sir, accept of you
The keys of Canterbury,
Nor all the bells in London
Shall ring to make us merry.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.
- 3 O Madam, I will give to you
A pair of boots of cork.
The one was made in London
The other make in York,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.
- 4 I shall not, Sir, accept of you
A pair of boots of cork,
Though both were made in London
Or both were made in York.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

5 O Madam, I will give to you
A little golden bell,
To ring for all your servants
And make them serve you well,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

6 I shall not, Sir, accept of you
A little golden bell,
To ring for all my servants
And make them serve me well.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

7 O Madam, I will give to you
A gallant silver chest,
With a key of gold and silver
And jewels of the best,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

8 I shall not, Sir, accept of you
A gallant silver chest,
A key of gold and silver
Nor jewels of the best.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you anywhere.

9 O Madam, I will give to you
A broidered silken gownd,
With nine yards a-drooping
And training on the ground,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

10 O Sir, I will accept of you
A broidered silken gownd,
With nine yards a-drooping
And training on the ground :
Then I will be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
And walk along with you, anywhere.

LXIV. THE LOVER'S TASKS.

Moderato.

Say can you make me a cam - brie shirt Sing I - vy leaf, Sweet

Moderato.

William and Thyme, Without a - ny nee - dle or nee - dle work? And you shall be a true

lov - er of mine. Yes, if you can wash it in yon - der well Sing I - vy leaf, Sweet

mf

Wil - liam and Thyme, Where nei - ther springswa - ter, nor rain ev - er fell, And



THE LOVER'S TASKS.

- 1 SAY can you make me a cambric shirt
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
Without any needle or needle work ?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 2 Yes, if you wash it in yonder well
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
Where neither springs water, nor rain ever fell,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 3 Say can you plough me an acre of land
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
Between the sea and the salt sea strand ?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 4 Yes, if you plough it with one ram's horn
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 5 Say can you reap with a sickle of leather
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
And tie it all up with a Tom-tit's feather ?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 6 Yes if you gather it all in a sack,
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
And carry it home on a butterfly's back,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

LXV. LORD BATEMAN.

Moderato maestoso.

Lord Bate - man was a

Moderato maestoso.

p no - bie lord, A no - bie lord of high de - gree. He shipp'd him-self all a -

board a great ship, Some for - eign coun - try to go and see. He

mf

sail - ed East, He sail - ed West, He sail - ed in - to proud Tur - key. There

D BATEMAN.

Lord Bate - man was a
high de - gree. He shipp'd him-self all a -
coun - try to go and see. He
le sail - ed in - to proud Tur - key. There

he was ta - ken and put in pri - son, Un - til his life was quite wea-ry. And
in this pris'n there grew a tree, It grew so stout and grew so strong. He was
chained up hard all by the mid - die Un - til his life was al - most gone.

LORD BATEMAN.

1 LORD BATEMAN was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree.
He shipped himself all a-board a great ship,
Some foreign country to go and see.

2 He sailed East, he sailed West,
He sailed unto proud Turkey,
There he was taken and put in prison,
Until his life was quite weary.

3 And in this pris'n there grew a tree,
It grew so stout and grew so strong.
He was chained up hard all by the middle
Until his life was almost gone.

4 The Turk he had one daughter fair,
The fairest thing his eyes could see,
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Bateman she would set free.

5 O, have you lands ? and livings have you ?
And does Northumb'rland belong to thee ?
What can you give a fair young lady,
If out of prison she'll set you free ?

6 Yes, I've got lands and livings also,
And all Northumb'rland belongs to me,
All, all, I'll give to a fair young lady,
If out of prison she'll set me free.

7 To her father's cellar then they stole.
She found for him the best of wine.
And every health that she drank beside him :
I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine.

8 For seven years we'll make a vow,
For seven years we will keep it strong,
If you will marry no other woman
I will not wed any other man.

9 Then to the harbour down they went.
She stole for him a ship of fame :
Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear that we shall not meet again.

10 The seven years are gone and past
And fourteen days, and then swore she :
I'll pack up all my gallant clothing
And then Lord Bateman I'll go and see.

11 Lord Bateman's castle can this be ?
So boldly now she rings the bell.
Who's there ? who's there ? cried the young proud porter,
Who's there ? who's there ? I would have thee tell.

12 Lord Bateman's castle can this be ?
And is his lordship here within ?
O yes ! O yes ! cried the young proud porter,
He has just now taken his young bride in.

13 You bid him send a sli
A bottle of the best of
And not forget that fa
That rescued him fro

14 Away this young prou
Away, away, and away
Until he came to Lor
And down he fell on

15 My young proud por
What news ? what ne
Behold, the fairest of
That ever these eyes

16 On every finger she h
On one of them she
She has gold enough
To buy Northumb'rland

17 She bids you send a
A bottle of the best
And not forget that
That rescued you fro

18 Lord Bateman then
He broke his sword
I would give up all
If but Sophia have a

19 The young bride's n
Was never heard to
You have forgotten
If your Sophia has ha

20 I have not yet made
So of her vows she
She came to me on
She may go back in

21 Lord Bateman mad
And both their hea
I will range no mo
Now my Sophia ha

13 You bid him send a slice of bread,
A bottle of the best of wine.
And not forget that fair young lady,
That rescued him from his close confine.

14 Away this young proud porter ran,
Away, away, and away, ran he ;
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber
And down he fell on his bended knee.

15 My young proud porter, news, what news ?
What news ? what news, hast thou brought to me ?
Behold, the fairest of all young ladies,
That ever these eyes of mine did see.

16 On every finger she has rings :
On one of them she has got three.
She has gold enough all round her middle,
To buy Northumberland away from thee.

17 She bids you send a slice of bread,
A bottle of the best of wine.
And not forget that fair young lady.
That rescued you from your close confine.

18 Lord Bateman then in a passion flew ;
He broke his sword in splinters three.
I would give up all my father's riches
If but Sophia have a-crossed the sea ?

19 The young bride's mother up she spoke,
Was never heard to speak so free :
You have forgotten my only daughter,
If your Sophia has a-crossed the sea ?

20 I have not yet made your daughter bride
So of her vows she may go free :
She came to me on a horse and saddle.
She may go back in a coach and three.

21 Lord Bateman made a great wedding
And both their hearts were full of glee.
I will range no more to a foreign country
Now my Sophia has a-crossed the sea.

LXVI. O WALY, WALY.

Andante con espressione.

The wa-ter is wide I can-not get o'er And nei-ther have I wings to

Andante con espressione.

p

fly. Give me a boat that will car-ry two And both shall row, my Love and

rall. *a tempo.*

I. O, down in the mea - dows the o - ther day A - ga - th'ring

rall. *a tempo.*

flow'rs, both fine and gay, A-gath-er-ing flow - ers, both red and blue, I lit - te



O WALY, WALY.

- 1 THE water is wide I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two
And both shall row, my Love and I.
- 2 O, down in the meadows the other day
A-gath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers, both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.
- 3 I put my hand into one soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find.
I pricked my finger right to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower alone.
- 4 I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree :
But first he bended and then he broke ;
And so did my false Love to me.
- 5 A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in :
I know not if I sink or swim.
- 6 O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold
And fades away like morning dew.

LXVII. THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA.

Allegro non troppo.

1. When first in this coun-try
2. The first was too proud and ill.

stran - ger, Cur - i - os - i - ty caused me to roam, My search was for
- tem - per'd, The voice of a stran - ger to hear: The next had a

love and for dan - ger, So I left Phil - a - del - phia my home. To
fash - ion all gra - cious But her voice sound - ed harsh on the ear. There were

Eng - land I quick - ly sailed o - ver, Where beau - ties like ro - ses did
dark - eyed, and come - ly, and ten - der, Tall, ti - ny, pale, ro - sy and

shine, I ne'er saw a dam - sel of beau - ty, But I wished in my
free; But I found out the maid of my fan - cy On the green mos - sy

f

dim.

heart she were mine. Lea. (3). I lay on the
banks of the

1st time. *2nd time.*

bank of the ri - ver And I watched the clear wa - ter run down, There I

p

saw the fair face of a dam - sel, With her hair and her pet - ti - coat

brown. I soon did ad - dress the fair crea-ture, Such a beau - ty I ne - ver did

p

see ; She blush'd like a rose when I kiss'd her On the green mos - sy banks of the

mf

Lea. 4. Her fa - ther came up and I told him, How far I had

p

wandered in vain. But he wel-com'd me home to his cot - tage And pi - tied the

wan-der-er's pain. In wed-lock we quick-ly were join'd, Tho' they thought I was

p e staccato.

poor as could be; But she rides in her cha-ri-ot and hor-ses On the green mos-sy

ces. *all.* *f > > >*

banks of the Lea.

tempo. con fuoco. *FINE.*

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA.

I WHEN first in this country a stranger,
 Curiosity caused me to roam,
 My search was for love and for danger,
 So I left Philadelphia my home.
 To England I quickly sailed over,
 Where beauties like roses did shine,
 I ne'er saw a damsel of beauty,
 But I wished in my heart she were mine.

2 The first was too proud and ill tempered,
 The voice of a stranger to hear :
The next had a fashion all gracious
 But her voice sounded harsh on the ear.
There were dark eyed, and comely, and tender,
 Tall, tiny, pale, rosy and free ;
But I found out the maid of my fancy
 On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

3 I lay on the bank of the river
 And I watched the clear water run down,
There I saw the fair face of a damsel,
 With her hair and her petticoat brown.
I soon did address the fair creature,
 Such a beauty I never did see ;
She blushed like a rose when I kissed her
 On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

4 Her father came up and I told him,
 How far I had wandered in vain.
But he welcomed me home to his cottage
 And pitied the wanderer's pain.
In wedlock we quickly were joined,
 Though they thought I was poor as could be ;
But she rides in her chariot and horses
 On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

LXVIII. LITTLE SIR HUGH.

Allegretto grazioso.

It rains, it rains in mer-ry Lin-coln, It
rains both great and small,..... When all the boys come out to play, To
play and toss the ball They play, they toss the
ball so high, They toss the ball so low..... They

toss it o - ver the Jews' gar - den Where all the fine Jews

cres. *dim.* *p*

go The first that came out was a Jew's daugh-ter, Was

dress - ed all in green:.... Come in, come in, my lit - tle Sir Hugh, To

D.C. dal' Last time.

have your ball a - gain..... I *D.C. dal' Last time.*

p

LITTLE SIR HUGH.

- 1 It rains, it rains in merry Lincoln,
It rains both great and small,
When all the boys come out to play,
To play and toss the ball.
- 2 They play, they toss the ball so high,
They toss the ball so low.
They toss it over the Jews' garden
Where all the fine Jews go.
- 3 The first that came out was a Jew's daughter,
Was dress-ed all in green :
Come in, come in, my little Sir Hugh,
To have your ball again.
- 4 I cannot come there, I will not come there
Without my play mates all,
For I know full well from my mother dear
'Twill cause my blood to fall.
- 5 The first she offered him was a fig,
The next a finer thing.
The third a cherry as red as blood,
Which tolled the young thing in.
- 6 She set him up in a gilty chair
She gave him sugar sweet.
She laid him out on a dresser board
And stabbed him like a sheep.
- 7 One hour and the school was over,
His mother came out to call,
With a little rod under her apron
To beat her son withal.
- 8 Go home, go home, my heavy mother
Prepare a winding sheet ;
And if my father should ask of me
You tell him I'm fast asleep.
- 9 My head is heavy I cannot get up,
The well is cold and deep :
Besides a penknife sticks in my heart
So out I cannot creep.

LXIX. THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Allegretto con grazia.

As I walked out one May morning Down by the ri - ver side, There

I be-held a bold fish - er - man Come rolling down the tide. O

fish - er - man, bold fish - er - man, what fish - es take you here? I've

come to catch a la - dy gay, All down the ri - ver clear. He



THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

1 As I walked out one May morning	5 He took her by the lily hand :
Down by the river side,	Come follow, follow me,
There I beheld a bold fisherman	I'll row you to my father's house
Come rolling down the tide.	And wedded we will be.
2 O fisherman, bold fisherman,	6 O fisherman, bold fisherman,
What fishes take you here ?	Too swiftly do you row ;
I've come to catch a lady gay,	For as I do not know your name
All down the river clear.	With you I cannot go.
3 He rowed his boat unto the shore	7 Now say not so, my lady fair,
And lashed it to a stem.	Replied that fisher bold.
I see the fishes that I seek	I'll take you where the sea maids comb
And I am catching them.	Their hair with combs of gold.
4 Then he pulled off his morning gown	8 O strange it is bold fisherman,
And laid it on the ground ;	That you came here to-day.
Three chains of gold did she behold,	But if you row me in your boat
Around his neck hang down.	How will you treat me, pray ?
9 O every day I rowed my boat	
Along the river side	
To fish for you, my lady gay,	
And take you for my bride.	

LXX. EARLY, EARLY.

O ear-ly ear-ly all in the spring, I went on board to serve the king, Leav
p sostenuto.
 - ing my dear - est dear be-hind, Who oft times vowed her heart was mine. O
cre. *dim.* *p FINE.*

EARLY, EARLY.

- 1 O EARLY, early all in the spring,
I went on board to serve the king,
Leaving my dearest dear behind,
Who oft times vowed her heart was mine.
- 2 O when I hugged her all in my arms,
I thought she had ten thousand charms.
We promised, vowed with kisses sweet
To marry when again we meet.
- 3 O while I sail-ed the raging seas,
I took all opportunities
Of sending letters to my dear ;
But back from her I could not hear.
- 4 But when to England I back did come,
I hasten to her father's home.
Her father asks me what I mean :
My daughter long has married been.
- 5 O curst be gold and the silver too !
And women all, who do not prove true !
I'd sooner be where bullets fly,
Than in false woman's company.

LXXI. THE HUSBANDMAN AND SERVINGMAN.

Moderato e maestoso.

Well met, my bro - ther friend, all

Moderato e maestoso.

at this high-way end ! Tell simp - ly all a - lone, as you

can, I pray you tell to me, what may your call - ing

be ? Come, are you not a serv - ing man?

No, no, my brother dear, what makes you to in -

dim. *p*

quire? Of an y such a thing at my hand? In -

deed I shall not feign, but I shall tell you plain, I

dolce.

am a down-right hus - band - man.

f > > > *dim.* *p*

THE HUSBANDMAN AND SERVINGMAN.

S 1 WELL met, my brother friend, all at this highway end !
Tell simply all alone, as you can,
I pray you tell to me, what may your calling be ?
Come, are you not a servingman ?

H 2 No, no, my brother dear, what makes you to inquire ?
Of any such a thing at my hand ?
Indeed I shall not feign, but I shall tell you plain,
I am a downright husbandman.

S 3 But servingmen get pleasure, and pastime out of measure,
For to see the hare trip over the plain :
With the horse and with the hound, we make the vallies sound,
That's the pleasure for the servingman.

H 4 My pleasure's more than that ; for to see my oxen fat
And stacks of hay above them for to stand ;
To drive the plough and sow, to reap the field and mow,
Are the pleasures for the husbandman.

S 5 The diet that we eat is the choicest of all meat,
Such as turkey, such as capon and swan.
Our pastry is so fine, we drink sugar in our wine,
That's the living for the servingman.

H 6 Talk not of goose and capon, give me good beef or bacon,
And a lump of Cheddar cheese in my hand.
With chitterlings and souse, within a farmer's house,
That's the living for the husbandman.

S 7 Kind Sir it would be bad, if no one could be had,
A-waiting round the board for to stand.
There is no lord or squire or member of the shire,
Can do without his servingman.

H 8 But, Jack, it would be worse if there were none of us
To follow on and plough all the land.
There is neither king nor squire, nor member of the shire,
Can do without the husbandman.

S 9 Kind Sir, I must confess 't and humbly I protest
Of me you truly have th' upper hand :
Although you work with pain and win but little gain,
I could wish I were a husbandman.

H 10 So come now let us all, both great as well as small,
Pray and drink for the grain of our land ;
And let us all and aye, endeavour all we may,
For to maintain the husbandman.

LXXII. THE CUCKOO.

Andante dolente.

Andante dolente.

p *rall.*

(1.) O the cuc - koo she's a pret - ty bird, she sing - eth as she flies. She

a tempo.

bring-eth good ti - dings, she tell - eth no lies. She suck - eth white

flow - ers, for to keep her voice clear; And the more she sing - eth cuc - koo, the

sum - mer draw eth near.

FINE.

rall.

(2.) As I was a - walk - ing and a - talk - ing one day, I would

(3.) I wish I were a scho - lar and could han - dle the pen,

a tempo. legato.

met my own true love, as..... he came that way. O to

write to my lov - er and to all..... ro-v ing men. I would

meet him was a plea - sure, though the court - ing was a woe, For I

tell them of the grief and woe, that at - tend on their lies, I would

cret.



THE CUCKOO.

- 1 O THE cuckoo she's a pretty bird, she singeth as she flies.
She bringeth good tidings, she telleth no lies.
She sucketh white flowers, for to keep her voice clear ;
And the more she singeth cuckoo, the summer draweth near.
- 2 As I was a-walking and a-talking one day,
I met my own true love, as he came that way.
O to meet him was a pleasure, though the courting was a woe,
For I found him false hearted, he would kiss me and go.
- 3 I wish I were a scholar and could handle the pen,
I would write to my lover and to all roving men.
I would tell them of the grief and woe, that attend on their lies,
I would wish them have pity on the flower when it dies.
- 4 O the cuckoo she's a pretty bird, she singeth as she flies.
She bringeth good tidings, she telleth no lies.
She sucketh white flowers, for to keep her voice clear ;
And the more she singeth cuckoo, the summer draweth near.

LXXIII. ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Allegro moderato.

Come all you sea - men bold and draw

Allegro moderato.

f *marcato.*

near, and draw near,..... Come all you sea - men bold and draw

near. It's of an ad - miral's fame, O brave Ben - bow was his

name, How he fought all on the main, You shall hear, you shall

hear. Brave Ben - bow he set sail, for to fight, for to

fight, Brave Ben - bow he set sail,..... for to fight. Brave

Ben - bow he set sail, with a fine and plea - sant gale, But his

Cap - tains they turned tail, in a fright, in a fright.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

- 1 COME all you seamen bold and draw near, and draw near,
Come all you seamen bold and draw near.
It's of an admiral's fame, O brave Benbow was his name,
How he fought all on the main, you shall hear, you shall hear.
- 2 Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight, for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight.
Brave Benbow he set sail, with a fine and pleasant gale,
But his Captains they turned tail, in a fright, in a fright.
- 3 Says Kirby unto Wade : We will run, we will run,
Says Kirby unto Wade : We will run.
For I value no disgrace, nor the losing of my place,
But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, nor his guns.
- 4 The Ruby and Benbow fought the French, fought the French,
The Ruby and Benbow fought the French.
They fought them up and down, till the blood came trickling down,
Till the blood came trickling down, where they lay, where they lay.
- 5 Brave Benbow lost his legs, by chain shot, by chain shot,
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
Brave Benbow lost his legs, and all on his stumps he begs
Fight on my English lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our lot.
- 6 The surgeon dressed his wounds, Benbow cries, Benbow cries—
The surgeon dressed his wounds, Benbow cries—
Let a cradle now in haste, on the quarter deck be placed,
That the enemy I may face, till I die, till I die.

LXXIV. THE GREENLAND FISHERY.

Moderato.

Twas in eight - een hun - dred and
Moderato. *mf* six - ty one, On March the eight -eenth day, That we
mf

hoist our col - oures to the top of the mast And from Eng - land bore a .
f

- way, brave boys, And from Eng - land bore a - way. Our
 FINE.

THE GREENLAND FISHERY.

- 1 'Twas in eighteen hundred and sixty-one,
On March the eighteenth day,
That we hoist our colours to the top of the mast
And from England bore away, brave boys,
And from England bore away.
- 2 Our captain on the deck did stand,
With a spy glass in his hand :
There's a whale and a whale and a whale fish, he cried ;
For he blows at every span, brave boys,
For he blows at every span.
- 3 Now the boat was launched and the men got in,
And a whale fish was in view ;
And well prepared were our shipmates
For to strike where the whale fish blew, brave boys,
For to strike where the whale fish blew.
- 4 Now the lines played out and the fish was struck,
But she gave such a flourish with her tail,
She capsized the boat and we lost five men ;
And we could not catch the whale, brave boys,
And we could not catch the whale.
- 5 O then for the loss of that whale fish
We grieved our hearts full sore ;
But O for the loss of five jolly tars,
That grieved us ten times more, brave boys,
That grieved us ten times more.
- 6 Up anchor, up anchor, our captain cried,
For the winter's star doth appear.
It is time for to leave this cold countrie
And to England back we'll steer, brave boys,
And to England back we'll steer.
- 7 For Greenland is such a barren place,
A place that bears no green,
Where the frost and the snow and the whale fish blow
And the daylight seldom seen, brave boys,
And the daylight seldom seen.

LXXV. LADY MAISRY.

Allegretto serioso.

She call-ed to her lit-tle page boy, Who was her bro-ther's son. She

Allegretto serioso.

p

told him as quick as he could go, To bring her lord safe home. Now the

ve - ry first mile he would walk And the se - cond he would run, And

mf

colla voce.

when he came to a broken, broken bridge He bent his breast and swum. And

dim.

p FINE.

LADY MAISRY.

- 1 SHE call-ed to her little page boy,
Who was her brother's son.
She told him as quick as he could go,
To bring her lord safe home.
- 2 Now the very first mile he would walk
And the second he would run,
And when he came to a broken, broken bridge
He bent his breast and swum.
- 3 And when he came to the new castell,
The lord was set at meat :
If you were to know as much as I,
How little would you eat !
- 4 O is my tower falling, falling down
Or does my bower burn ?
Or is there news from my gay lady
Of a daughter or a son ?
- 5 O no, your tower is not falling down
Nor does your bower burn ;
But we are afraid ere you get home
Your lady's life is gone.
- 6 Come saddle, saddle my milk white steed,
Come saddle my pony too,
That I may neither eat nor drink
Till I come to the old castell.
- 7 Now when he came to the old castell
He heard a big bell toll ;
And then he saw eight noble, noble men
A-bearing of a pall.
- 8 Lay down, lay down that gentle, gentle corpse,
As it lay fast asleep.
Lift up that pall you noble, noble men,
I'll kiss that face so sweet.
- 9 Six times he kissed her red ruby lips
Nine times he kissed her chin.
Ten times he kissed her snowy, snowy breast,
Where love did enter in.
- 10 The lady was buried on that Sunday,
Before the prayer begun ;
And the lord he died, on the next Sunday,
Before the prayer was done.

LXXVI. FAREWELL, NANCY.

Andante con dolore.

Fare-well, my dearest Nan-cy, since I must now leave you; Un-

Andante con dolore.

f *p*

- to the salt seas I am bound-en to go; But let my long ab-sence be

mf *p*

no trou-ble to you, For I shall re-turn in the spring, as you know.

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

Like some pret-ty lit-tle sea boy, I will dress and go with you; In the deep-est of

marcato.

FAREWELL, NANCY.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dearest Nancy, since I must now leave you ;
Unto the salt seas I am bounden to go ;
But let my long absence be no trouble to you,
For I shall return in the spring, as you know.
- 2 Like some pretty little sea boy, I will dress and go with you ;
In the deepest of danger, I shall stand your friend :
In the cold stormy weather, when the winds are a-blowing,
My dear, I shall be willing to wait on you then.
- 3 Your pretty little hands can't handle our tackle,
And your pretty little feet on our topmast can't go :
And the cold stormy weather, Love, you can't well endure
I would have you ashore, when the raging winds do blow.
- 4 So farewell, my dearest Nancy, since I must now leave you ;
Unto the salt seas I am bounden to go :
But you must be safe ; and be loyal and constant,
For I shall return in the spring, as you know.

LXXVII. O SALLY, MY DEAR.

Allegro ma non troppo.

O Sally, my dear, but I wish I could woo you. O

Allegro ma non troppo.

f *dim.* *mf*

Sal-ly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you She laugh'd and re-plied: And would

woo-ing un-do you? Sing fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day. O

Sal-ly, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it. O Sal-ly, my dear, but your

O SALLY, MY DEAR.

- 1 O Sally, my dear, but I wish I could woo you.
O Sally, my dear, but I wish I could woo you.
She laughed and replied : And would wooing undo you ?
 Sing fal the diddle i do,
 Sing whack fal the diddle day.
- 2 O Sally, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it.
O Sally, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it.
She laughed and replied : If you did, would you miss it ?
- 3 O Sally, my dear, I would love you and wed you.
O Sally, my dear, I would love you and wed you.
She laughed and replied : Then don't say I misled you.
- 4 If lassies were blackbirds and lassies were thrushes,
If lassies were blackbirds and lassies were thrushes,
How soon the young men would go beating the bushes !
- 5 If the women were hares and raced round the mountain
If the women were hares and raced round the mountain
How soon the young men would be busy a hunting !
- 6 If the women were ducks and swum round the water.
If the women were ducks and swum round the water.
The men would turn drakes and be soon swimming after.
 Sing fal the diddle i do,
 Sing whack fal the diddle day.

LXXVIII. BRIMBLEDON FAIR

OR, YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY.

Allegro ma non troppo.

As I was a-ri-ding to

dim. *p*

Brimble-don Fair, I saw pret-ty Nan-cy a-curd-ling her hair, I

gave her a wink and she rolled a dark eye, And said I to my-self: I'll be

there by and by. I watched and I watched, all the

night in the dark, For to ask pret-ty Nan-cy to be my sweetheart. But all that she said, when I

saw her next day : And are you the young rogue they call Ramble-a-way ?

cres. molto. *f* *> FINE.*

BRIMBLEDON FAIR

OR, YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY.

- 1 As I was a riding to Brimbledon Fair,
I saw pretty Nancy a-curdling her hair,
I gave her a wink and she rolled a dark eye,
And said I to myself: I'll be there by-and-by.
- 2 I watched and I watched, all the night in the dark,
For to ask pretty Nancy to be my sweetheart.
But all that she said, when I saw her next day :
And are you the young rogue they call Ramble-away ?
- 3 I said : Pretty Nancy don't laugh in my face,
But she answered by slipping away from the place.
So to find her I rambled through fair Lincolnshire,
And I vowed I would ramble I did not care where.
- 4 Come all you young maidens, wherever you be,
And find pretty Nancy and bring her to me.
And all you young ramblers you mind and take care,
Or else you'll get brimbed at Brimbledon Fair.

LXXIX. THE SHIP IN DISTRESS.

Allegro maestoso.

1. Ye sea-men bold that plough the o-cean, See dan-gers lands - men
 3. The rats and mice, how they did eat them, Their hun-ger for to

ne - ver know. 'Tis for no hon - our nor pro - mo - tion, No
 ease, we hear. And in the midst of all their tri - als Cap -

tongue can tell what they un - der - go. There's blus-trous wind, and the
 - tain and men bore an e - qual share. At last there came a

heat of bat - tle, Where there's no back door to run a - way.... But thund'ring can - nons
 scant up - on them, A dis-mal tale most cer - tain - ly.... Poor fel-lows they stood

(sung in the U.S.)

loud-ly rat - tle, There's danger both by night and day. (2). There was a ship, of
 in a too-roo, Cast-ing of lots as to who should die. (4). This lot did fall on

p

2. di - vers pla - ces, Long time she sail - ed a - long the seas. The weather be - ing
 4. one poor fel - low, Whose fa - mi - ly was ve - ry great, The men they did la -

dim.

so un - cer-tain, Drew her to great ex - tremi - ties. No - thing was left these poor
 - ment his sor - row, But to la - ment it was too late. I'm free to die, but poor

cres.

souls to cher - ish; For want of food they are fee - ble grown, Poor fel - lows, they will
 messmate bro - thers, Let some one up to the top-mast stay And see what there he

p p

sure-ly per-ish, They are wast-ed now to skin and bone. Lord do pray. 5. I

can dis-co-ver, Whilst I un - to the

1st time. *2nd time.*

1st time. *2nd time.*

pp

think I see a ship a sail-ing, Come bear-ing down with

some re-lief. As soon as this glad news was shout-ed, It

mf

ban-ished all their care and grief. We hailed her, all was

f *marcato.*

THE SHIP IN DISTRESS.

I YE seamen bold that plough the ocean.
 See dangers landsmen never know,
 'Tis for no honour nor promotion,
 No tongue can tell what they undergo.
 There's blustrious wind, and the heat of battle,
 Where there's no back door to run away,
 But thundering cannons loudly rattle,
 There's danger both by night and day.

2 There was a ship, of divers places,
Long time she sailed along the seas.
The weather being so uncertain
Drew her to great extremities.
Nothing was left these poor souls to cherish ;
For want of food they are feeble grown,
Poor fellows they will surely perish,
They are wasted now to skin and bone.

3 The rats and mice, how they did eat them,
Their hunger for to ease, we hear.
And in the midst of all their trials
Captain and men bore an equal share.
At last there came a scant upon them,
A dismal tale most certainly.
Poor fellows they stood in a too-roo,
Casting of lots as to who should die.

4 This lot did fall on one poor fellow,
Whose family was very great,
The men they did lament his sorrow,
But to lament it was too late.
I'm free to die, but messmate brothers,
Let someone up to the topmast stay
And see what there he can discover,
Whilst I unto the Lord do pray.

5 I think I see a ship a-sailing,
Come bearing down with some relief.
As soon as this glad news was shouted
It banished all their care and grief.
We hailed her, all was now provided.
Both food and drink they grudged us not.
The ship brought to, no longer drifting,
Safe into Lisbon harbour got.

NOTES ON THE SONGS.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

BY

THE MUSICAL EDITOR.



No. 55. THE BRISK YOUNG WIDOW.

Words and tune from Mr. George Radford, of Bridgwater.



KNOW nothing of the origin of this song. Mr. Radford began by singing to me a large number of "composed" songs of the last century, which were, of course, not what I wanted. I then asked him if he remembered any of his father's songs. He said his father was a great singer but that he could never learn any of his songs—except one; and that one turned out to be the "Brisk Young Widow."

I am not certain that it is a folk-song, although it has certain characteristics, which lead me to conjecture that it may be. Of all the tunes that Radford sang to me, this was the only one that showed modal influence; and that is some evidence of folk origin. In any case, as the tune is a good one and the words are spirited, the song seems worth printing.

No. 56. THE BOLD LIEUTENANT.

Words and air from Mr. Edward Harrison, of Langport.

I have only come across this ballad once in Somerset. So far as I am aware, it has not been hitherto discovered by any other folk-song collector.

The story, which forms the subject of the ballad, is an old one. The earliest printed edition of it, which I have been able to find, is in *Les Mémoires de Messire Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur de Brantome*, (1666), Discours sixieme. Here is a translation:—

"I have heard a story told, of the court of old times, of one of the ladies of the court, who was mistress of the late M. de Lorge (François de Montgomery), a man

who, in his youth, was one of the bravest and most renowned infantry Captains of his day. Many stories had been told her about his great bravery, and one day, when King François 1^{er}, surrounded by his court, was amusing himself by watching a lion-fight, she, to prove the truth of the stories she had heard, dropped one of her gloves into the lion's den, at a moment when the beasts were greatly enraged. She then begged M. de Lorge to fetch it for her, if he really loved her as much as he said. He, without betraying any astonishment, wrapped his cape round his arm and, sword in hand, strode with a confident air towards the lions. In this fortune favoured him ; for, bearing himself with the utmost coolness, and pointing his sword towards the lions, they did not dare to attack him. Having recovered the glove, he returned to his mistress and gave it to her. She and all who were present accounted this well done ; but it is related that M. de Lorge scornfully turned his back upon her, because of the way in which she had sought to make a pastime of him and of his valour. It is even said that he tossed the glove in her face ; for that he would rather a hundred times she had ordered him to attack a battalion of infantry—a thing that he well understood—than fight wild beasts, a combat out of which but little glory was to be gained."

Brantôme's anecdote is quoted in Saintfoix' *Essais historique sur Paris* (1766), in describing "Rue des lions" Paris. From this source Schiller derived it and embodied it in his poem "Der Handschuh" (1797). Later on Robert Browning followed Schiller's example in "The Glove," one of his "Dramatic Romances."

According to Brantôme, the incident is not romance, but fact, and took place in the reign of Francis I (1585-1547). It will be noted that in the French story the knight resents the task imposed upon him by his mistress, whom he casts aside in disgust. This is not so in the Somerset version of the tale—where the hero accepts with gratitude his reward. Now this is much more in keeping with the character of a folk-tale, which prefers a happy ending and avoids psychological subtleties. On this account I am disposed to think that the tale is of folk-origin, of an earlier date than the French version, and that, like many old stories, it afterwards became attached to certain well-known historical personages. This is in accordance with a well-known tendency ; a story gains in force when its actors are identified with real people. Mrs. Habergam's connection with "The Seeds of Love" (see First Series, No. 1.) is a case in point.

The incident of the lions refusing to attack one of royal blood, rests on an old belief ; its omission in the French version strengthens my theory as to the folk-origin of the story.

For a very poor broadside version of this ballad, see "The Bold Lieutenant," in Mr. Ashton's *Real Sailor-Songs*, p. 54. Lions were kept at the Tower of London from the time of Henry I down to 1834.

No. 57. A FARMER'S SON SO SWEET.

Words and air from Mrs. Pike, of Somerton.

A version of this dainty little ballad is published in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 18. The tune is not unlike ours. The words are on a Pitts broadside, to which, however, it has not been necessary to refer, as Mrs. Pike gave us a very complete set. I have only recovered, so far, this one version in Somerset.

No. 58. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Words and air from Mr. Robert Pope, of Alcombe, Dunster.

For versions, with tunes, of this well-known ballad see *Songs of the West*, No. 14 (and note); *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 81; Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, No. 8; and Mr. Dick's *Songs of Robert Burns*, p. 314 (and note).

Copies of the words, without tunes, may be seen in Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 80; Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, Vol. II, p. 240; Mr. Brimley Johnson's *Popular British Ballads*, Vol. III, 39; on broadsides by Such, Jackson, and others, and elsewhere. For further information, the reader is referred to the notes appended to many of the versions above mentioned.

This ancient ballad has been sung to many tunes; Chappell gives "Stingo, or Oil of Barley" as the traditional air; while Mr. Dick says that it is uncertain whether Burns intended his ballad to be sung to "Lull me beyond thee;" (*Playford's Dancing Master, 1670*), or to "Cold and Raw."

I have noted down six different tunes in Somerset. The last of these, a beautiful aeolian melody, I recovered from a singer in Bishop's Sutton, only a few weeks ago—too late, therefore, for inclusion in the present volume. All the Somerset versions have refrains.

I have not, so far, recovered a complete set of words from any one singer. The set, which we give in the text, has been compiled by Mr. Marson from many sources.

No. 59. THE CRABFISH.

Words and air from Mrs. Overd, of Langport.

A Scottish version of this song, entitled "The Crab," is printed in *A Ballad Book, or, Popular and Romantic Ballads and Songs current in Annandale and other parts of Scotland*, collected by C. K. Sharpe, and edited by Edmund Goldsmid, Part II, p. 10—originally published in 1824. A foot-note, by the collector, states that the ditty is founded on a story in *Le Moyen de Parvenir*. Mr. Marson has had to modify and add to Mrs. Overd's words.

The "Crabfish" belongs to a class of nursery songs, which is exceedingly popular amongst peasant singers. "Bingo," "The Frog and the Mouse," "Robin-a-Thrush," are other examples. Mrs. Overd sang her song very excitedly and at break-neck speed, punctuating the rhythm of the refrain with lusty blows of her fists on the table. Mr. King did much the same when he sang "Bingo" to me.

No. 60. BINGO.

Words and tune from Mr. William King, of East Harptree.

This is a well-known country song, and one that used to be a great favourite at Harvest Homes. Versions with tunes are published in *Sussex Songs*, p. 32; the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, 242; Mrs. Gomme's *Traditional Games*, Vol. I, pp. 29-33; and in Rimbaule's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. 4. Mr. Kidson, who has

noted down the song in Leeds, tells me that a version of "Bingo" was published in single-sheet form in 1780. A parody of the words is affixed as a motto to "A Lay of St. Gengulphus," one of the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

Mr. King's version of the song is so different from all the published forms that it has been thought worthy of inclusion in this collection. He could only recall the words of the first verse ; the remaining verses Mr. Marson has compiled from other sources.

No. 61. THE WATCHET SAILOR.

Words and tune from Captain Lewis, of Minehead.

This is one of Captain Lewis's favourite ditties. Singing is always a pleasure to him ; but he fairly bubbles over with delight and merriment when he sings "The Watchet Sailor." To use his own expression, it is worth "two big apples" to see him—and to hear him also.

Mrs. Chedzey, of Puriton, gave me rather a poor version of the same song—"Threepenny Street," not "Watchet Swayne Street ;" except for this I have not heard it elsewhere than in Minehead. I know of no broadside version.

No. 62. WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE.

Words and air from Mr. Walter Locock, of Martock.

Mrs. Lucy White, of Hambridge, sang me a single verse of this song to a tune very similar to Mr. Locock's. I also recovered a version, to a different tune, from Mrs. Barratt of Cannington.

Dr. Joyce, in his *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 26, prints a version under the heading, "Cheer up, Cheer up, Daughter." The Irish words, so far as they go, are substantially the same as they are sung in Somerset, but the tune is a different one.

The Somerset air has points in common with "The trees they do grow high," No. 15.

Mr. Locock's words needed but little modification ; and the verses we print are very nearly as he sang them.

No. 63. THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.

Sung by Mrs. Susan Williams, of Haselbury-Plucknett, and Mrs. Harriet Young, of West Chinnock.

Mrs. Young first sang me this song, but could only remember two verses. She told me that she had heard the song but once, and that was 30 or 40 years ago, when the mummers came to West Chinnock. Shortly afterwards I asked Mrs. Williams whether she knew the song, quoting the words of one of the verses that Mrs. Young had given me. At first she said that she had never heard it ; afterwards, however, she recalled the words of a single verse, which she sang to the same tune, note for

note, that I had previously taken down from Mrs. Young. On questioning her, I found that she, too, had only heard the song once, and probably from the same set of mummers, who had evidently gone round that neighbourhood 30 or 40 years ago. Surely, it would be difficult to cite a more remarkable instance of the retentive and accurate memories with which these old folk-singers are gifted.

I have taken down this ballad many times in Somerset, and in many forms. From what the old singers have told me, I gather that the ballad was generally sung by a man and woman, with much dramatic action. In one form of the song, which I recovered at Huish Episcopi, a third personage is introduced, "My man John." (See the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. II, p. 88). I have also taken it down, at Bridgwater, as a children's singing game.

For other versions, with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. II, pp. 85-88 ; Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 27 ; *Songs of the West*, No. 22 ; and *English County Songs*, p. 32.

The most popular version of the song is that given in *English County Songs*, where it is called "The Keys of Heaven." Although there is no mention of "the keys of heaven" in our version of the song, nor, for the matter of that, in any of those I have collected in Somerset, we have thought it advisable, for the sake of uniformity, to adopt the same title.

No. 64. THE LOVER'S TASKS.

Words and air from Mr. William Huxtable, of Taunton.

Versions of the words only of this ballad are published in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, (The Elfin Knight) ; Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 145 ; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, appendix, p. 1 ; Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland*, Vol. II, p. 296 ; Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England* ; and in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, and elsewhere.

For versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 83 ; *Songs of the West*, No. 48 ; *English County Songs*, p. 12 ; *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 79 ; and in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 43 and 172.

The ballad is akin to the riddle ballads and tales, in which the person to whom the task is given evades it by imposing one of equal difficulty upon his antagonist. The theme is a common one in Scandinavian folk-lore, and can be traced in England as far back as the *Gesta Romanorum*, pp. xl, 124, and 223 (Bohn Ed.)

The jingling second line varies in different versions, e.g., "Every rose grows merry in thyme," "Sober and grave grows merry in time," "Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine," etc. In all probability these are but corruptions of "Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme," which is the jingle in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*.

No. 65. LORD BATEMAN.

Words and tune from Mr. Henry Larcombe, of Haselbury-Plucknett.

This ballad is very generally sung throughout Somerset, and it is rare to come across a folk-singer who does not know it. Few, however, can sing the ballad through from end to end, as Mr. Larcombe did.

Mr. Larcombe, as is his habit, varied the several phrases of the air in the course of the song. I noted down as many of these variations as I could catch, and have embodied what I consider to be the best of them in the version here given.

Mr. Larcombe's words were virtually the same as those on broadsides by Pitts, Jackson, etc.

For versions of this ballad, with tunes, see *English County Songs*, p. 62 ; Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 32 ; *Northumbrian Minstrels*, p. 64 ; *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 240 ; *Sussex Songs*, p. 43 ; Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 260 and appendix; *English Folk Songs for Schools*, No. 11 ; and George Cruikshank's *Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*.

For words only, see Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, Vol. II, 17 ; Garret's *Newcastle Garlands*, Vol. I ; and the broadsides above mentioned. The ballad is exhaustively analysed in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* ("Lord Beichan," No. 53).

The story of Lord Bateman, Beichan, or Bekie, is very similar to the well-known and ancient legend about Gilbert Becket, father of S. Thomas the martyr. This has suggested to some the derivation of the ballad from the legend ; but Child thinks that this is not so, although he admits that the ballad has not come down to us unaffected by the legend. He points out that there is a similar story in the *Gesta Romanorum* (No. 5, Bohn ed.), of about the same age as the Becket legend ; that there are beautiful repetitions of the story in the ballads of other nations ; and that it has secondary affinities with "Hind Horn."

The hero's name, allowing for different spellings and corruptions, is always the same ; but the name of the heroine varies. In ten of the twelve copies of the ballad that Child gives, she is Susan Pye ; in two Isbel or Essells ; and in the remaining two Sophia, as in Somerset.

No. 66. WALY, WALY.

Words and air from Mrs. Cox, of High Ham.

I have noted this song in Somerset five times—tunes and words varying considerably. Mr. Thomas of Cannington, however, gave me a version very closely resembling Mrs. Cox's.

Our Somerset words have so much affinity with the well-known Scottish ballad "Waly Waly," that we are publishing them under the same title. The Rev. S. Baring Gould has taken down three versions of the same song in Devon ; one of them, with which our Somerset song has much in common, is published in *Songs of the West*, No. 86, under the heading "A Ship Came Sailing." The reader is referred to the note at the end of the same volume, p. 24.

The traditional poem of "Waly Waly" forms part of a longer ballad, "Lord Janie Douglas," printed in the appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. Its origin seems very obscure. The Scottish tune is given in Rimbaul's *Musical illustrations of Percy's Reliques*, p. 102 ; in Chambers' *Scottish Songs prior to Burns*, p. 280, and elsewhere.

No. 67. THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA.

Words and air from Captain Lewis, of Minehead.

I have taken down this song three times in Somerset to tunes in the major, dorian and mixolydian modes respectively. Dr. Vaughan Williams has recovered two versions, one from Essex, the other from Wilts. (See the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. II, pp. 150 and 210). The Wilts air is almost the same as Captain Lewis's.

The words, which are clearly of modern origin, are on a broadside by Such, No. 130. Mr. Marson has accorded them a free treatment.

The tune is usually accounted an Irish air. It was printed, under the title "The Pretty Maid milking her Cow," in Bunting's first edition of Irish airs, 1796; and Moore made use of it for his "Song of O'Ruark." Two forms of this same air, "Colleen dhas," are printed in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, Vol. II, pp. 19 and 22 (old ed.); the second of these is No. 9 of *Twelve Irish Songs, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello*, by Beethoven.

It is impossible to decide to which nation this air belongs. The fact that it is well known to folk-singers in Somerset, Wilts and Essex, makes it difficult to assert to an exclusive Irish claim.

No. 68. LITTLE SIR HUGH.

Words and tune from Mrs. J. Ree, of Hambridge.

Versions of this ballad, with tunes, may be found in Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes* p. 40; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 51 (tune No. 7); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 264; and in Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques*, pp. 3 and 46. For versions without tunes, see Percy's *Reliques*, Vol. I, p. 27; Herd's *Scottish Songs*, Vol. I, p. 157; Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, Vol. I, p. 151; *Notes and Queries*, Series I; and in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 155.

The events narrated in this ballad were supposed to have taken place in the 13th century. The story is told by a contemporary writer in the *Annals of Waverley*, under the year 1255. Little Sir Hugh was crucified by the Jews in contempt of Christ, with various preliminary tortures. To conceal the act from the Christians, the body was thrown into a running stream; but the water immediately ejected it upon dry land. It was then buried, but was found above ground the next day. As a last resource, the body was thrown into a drinking well; whereupon, the whole place was filled with so brilliant a light and so sweet an odour that it was clear to everybody that there must be something holy in the well. The body was seen floating on the water and, upon its recovery, it was found that the hands and feet were pierced with wounds, the forehead lacerated, etc. The unfortunate Jews were suspected. The King ordered an enquiry. Eighteen Jews confessed, were convicted, and eventually hanged.

A similar tale is told by Matthew Paris (ob. 1259), and in the *Annals of Burton* (13th or 14th century). Halliwell, in his *Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln*,

prints an Anglo-French ballad, consisting of 92 stanzas, which is believed to have been written at the time of, or soon after, the event. No English ballad has been recovered earlier than the middle of the eighteenth century.

Bishop Percy rightly concludes "the whole charge to be groundless and malicious." Murders of this sort have been imputed to the Jews for 750 years or more; and similar accusations have been made in Russia and other countries of eastern Europe even in the nineteenth century—and as late as 1883. Child sums up the whole matter by saying, "these pretended child-murders, with their horrible consequences, are only a part of a persecution which, with all moderation, may be rubricated as the most disgraceful chapter in the history of the human race."

Besides Mrs. Ree's, I have recovered only one other version of this ballad in Somerset; and that was sung to me by Mr. John Swain of Donyatt. The words in the text have been compiled from both sources. Mrs. Ree learned the ballad from her mother, who always sang the first two lines as follows:—

Do rain, do rain, American corn,
Do rain both great and small.

Clearly, "American corn" is a corruption of "In merry Lincoln;" and I hazard the guess that the "Merry-land toun," in Percy's version, is but another corruption of the same words.

No. 69. THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Words and air from Mrs. Pike of Somerton.

A Sussex version of this song is published in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 138, and one from Hertfordshire in *English County Songs*, p. 110. The words are on a broadside by Such, No. 455.

I have noted down eight versions of this song in Somerset. All of these are in five-time and they all agree in general melodic outline with Mrs. Pike's tune, and, to some extent, with the Sussex and Hertfordshire airs above mentioned.

The tune is a very individual one and has a strange beauty of its own; while the words, with their suggestion of mystery, strike me as a modern edition of an ancient song.

Mr. Marson has made use of the broadside words and also those given to us by other singers.

No. 70. EARLY, EARLY.

Words and tune from Mr. James Thomas, of Cannington.

The words of this ballad are on a broadside, "The Sailor Deceived," printed in Mr. Ashton's *Real Sailor-Songs*, p. 56. The tune, particularly the first phrase, is a variant, in the Dorian mode, of "The Dark-eyed Sailor." (See *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, No. 40.)

Mr. Thomas is an old man of 89. He sings with a robust and resonant voice, which is very remarkable for a man of his years.

Mr. Marson found it necessary to edit the words with some freedom.

No. 71 THE HUSBANDMAN AND SERVINGMAN.

Words and air from Mr. Frederick Crossman, of Huish Episcopi.

Two versions, with tunes, have already been published ; one in Davies Gilbert's *Ancient English Carols*, reprinted in *English County Songs*, p. 144 ; the other in *Sussex Songs*, No. 13. The words only are printed in Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 46.

The Somerset tune and the tunes in the two versions above quoted, are all variants of the same air, "I am the Duke of Norfolk." Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, gives this latter tune (Vol. I, p. 120), and maintains that "The Irish 'Cruiskeen Lawn,' and the Scotch 'John Anderson, my Jo,' are mere modifications of this very old English tune," (Vol. II, p. 770).

It is stated in the foot-note to the ballad in *English County Songs*, that "The oldest printed version of this dialogue is in the *Loyal Garland* (Percy Society, Vol. 29)."

Mr. Crossman's version of the words was very imperfect ; Mr. Marson was therefore compelled to draw freely upon Bell and Davies Gilbert.

No. 72. THE CUCKOO.

Words and air from Mr. John Holt, of Haselbury-Plucknett, and Mrs. Lucy White, of Hambridge.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould publishes two versions of this ballad in *A Garland of Country Song* ; and there is yet another in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, No. 42.

Mr. John Holt and Mrs. Harriet Young both sang me this song, but neither of them sang the whole of the tune ; they each repeated, over and over again, the last half of the air that is usually sung to "High Germany" — (see *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 2, and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, p. 26). It is probable that the same tune has come to be used for both, because the two ballads begin with the same words.

It seemed a pity to publish a dismembered tune ; I have, therefore, added the opening phrase of Mrs. White's version of the High Germany tune, to the air which Mr. Holt and Mrs. Young gave me.

It interested me not a little to observe how cleverly the singers managed to make this tune serve two songs so diverse in character. When it is sung to the "Cuckoo," it becomes a slow, mournful ditty ; while it swings along, with a strong march rhythm, when it is mated to "High Germany."

A version of Mr. Hunt's words are printed in *The Sailor's Return Garland* (Glasgow, 1802) under the heading, "The Forsaken Nymph."

No. 73. ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Words and tune from Captain Lewis, of Minehead.

Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, gives two versions of this ballad. Both tune and words of the first of these, (Vol. II, p. 642) are different from ours. The words of his second version, (p. 678), however, which are taken from Halliwell's

Early Naval Ballads of England, are substantially the same as those of the Minehead version, though they are set to a different tune.

Captain Lewis's tune has been sung to me more than once in Somerset and Devon to "My name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep," a modern ballad, the words of which were probably written to fit the "Benbow" metre. The air "Marinrys yn Tiger" in Mr. Gill's *Manx National Songs*, p. 4, is a variant of the same tune. Messrs. Kidson and Moffat publish a variant of the first of Chappell's versions in their *Minstrelsy of England*, p. 25, with an interesting note in the appendix. See also, Mr. Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 19.

John Benbow (1653-1702) was the son of a tanner at Shrewsbury. He was apprenticed to a butcher, from whose shop he ran away to sea. He entered the Navy and rose rapidly by high command. The ballad is concerned with his engagement with the French fleet, under Du Casse, off the West Indies, August 19-24, 1702. The English force consisted of seven ships, of from 50 to 70 guns. Benbow's ship was the "Breda." Captain Walton of the "Ruby" was the only one of his Captains to stand by him; the rest shirked. "The Ruby" was disabled on the 23rd Aug., and left for Port Royal. Shortly afterwards Benbow's right leg was shattered by a chain shot. After his wound was dressed, he insisted on being carried up to the quarter-deck, as narrated in the ballad. On the following day his Captains, headed by Captain Kirkby of the "Defiance," came on board and urged him to discontinue the chase. This they compelled him to do, and he returned to Jamaica, where he at once ordered a court-martial. Captains Kirkby and Wade were sentenced to be shot; Vincent and Fogg were suspended; whilst Captain Hudson of the "Pendennis" died before the trial. Kirkby and Wade were executed on board the "Bristol," in Plymouth sound, on the 16th April, 1703. Admiral Benbow succumbed to his wounds on 4th Nov., 1702, at Port Royal, and was buried at Kingston. His portrait is, or was, in the Painted Hall, Greenwich, to which it was presented by George IV. Mr. Ashton states there is a tradition "that his body was brought to England, and buried in Deptford Church."

It is a little difficult to account for the popularity Benbow excited. Personally, brave he certainly was; but he has been described as "an honest rough seaman," who, it is alleged, treated his inferiors with scant courtesy. Their failure to stand by him in the French fight was, of course, a disgraceful act of cowardice; but it may also be attributed, to some extent, to their want of personal regard for their chief.

No. 74. THE GREENLAND FISHERY.

Words and air from Mr. Jack Barnard, of Bridgwater.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould has published a version of this ballad in his *Garland of Country Song*, No. 26; and a Sussex variant of the same air, in the mixolydian mode, collected by Mr. Merrick, is printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 101. Mr. Baring Gould states in a footnote that the earliest "Greenland Fishery" is the black-letter ballad, reprinted in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1725, Vol. III, p. 172. The words are on broadsides by Catnach and Such; the former

republished in Mr. Ashton's *Real Sailor-Songs*, p. 83, and the latter in Mr. Brimley Johnson's *Popular British Ballads*, Vol. II, p. 269.

I have collected three versions of this song in Somerset. The three tunes are near variants, and are closely allied to the Sussex and Devon versions quoted above.

No. 75. LADY MAISRY.

Words and tune from Mr. Jack Barnard, of Bridgwater.

For other versions of the words of this ballad, see Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 71, and Child's *English and Scottish popular Ballads*, No. 65. Another Somerset version, with tune, was noted down by Mr. Wedmore at North Petherton, in 1899, and is printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 43.

In the Scottish ballad Lady Maisry rejects the Northern lords, who come to woo her, and enters into an illicit connection with an English nobleman, Lord William. During the absence of the latter, the brothers of Lady Maisry discover her secret and make preparations to burn her. She dispatches in hot haste a messenger to apprise Lord William of her danger. He hastens home to find her at the point of death. He swears to avenge her by burning her kinsmen, and

The last bonfire that I come to
Myself I will cast in.

The first part of the story is omitted in the Somerset version, while the last four verses recall the ballad of "Lord Lovel," rather than that of "Lady Maisry."

No. 76. FAREWELL, NANCY.

Words and air from Mrs. Susan Williams, of Haselbury-Plucknett.

This is the only version of this very beautiful song that I have as yet recovered in Somerset. The words are apparently the same as those of "Adieu, lovely Mary," in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 93, but the tune is a different one.

The same theme forms the subject of "William and Nancy's parting," in Garret's *Newcastle Garlands*, Vol. II, but it is treated very differently.

I had great difficulty in deciding whether the second crotchet in the 10th, and also in the 15th bars, should be D \sharp or D \flat . The tune is a trying one for an old woman to sing, and Mrs. Williams, who is 74 years of age, evidently found it easier to sharpen the D. When, however, I started her at a lower pitch, she sang D \flat quite clearly, and that I have accordingly accepted to be the note that she intended. I still, however, feel a little doubtful about it.

No. 77. O SALLY, MY DEAR.

Words and tune from Mr. Jack Barnard, of Bridgwater.

I have taken down variants of this ballad from Mr. William Davis, of Porlock-Weir, and from Mrs. Balsh, of Ulbey. It is clearly allied to "Hares on the Mountains," (Nos. 10 and 11), to the note on which the reader is referred. The words of the first three verses needed considerable alteration.

BRIMBLEDON FAIR ; OR, YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY.

Words and tune from Mr. James Bishop, of Rookham Farm, Priddy.

A version, in the major key, of this ballad appears in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 150, under the heading "Brocklesby Fair." The words are on a broadside, "Young Ramble Away," by Jackson of Birmingham.

Mr. James Woodland—otherwise "Soldier Jim"—of Stocklinch, also sang to us a version of this ballad, and Mr. Marson has made some use of the words that he gave us. Mr. Bishop's tune is a variant of the air generally associated with "Rosemary Lane;" cf. "The Crafty Lover," in the second series of this collection.

NO. 79. THE SHIP IN DISTRESS.

Words and tune from Mr. James Bishop, of Rookham Farm, Priddy.

A version of the words of this song are on a broadside, under the same title, reprinted in Mr. Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 44.

In my opinion this melody is, in many respects, the grandest air that I have recovered in Somerset; it was certainly sung by one of the finest folk-singers that I have ever come across.

Mr. Bishop told me that it was his grandfather's song. He said that it was such a difficult one to sing that none of his grandfather's children, except his own father, could learn it; and that, in the next generation, he alone of all his brothers was able to sing it. Mr. Bishop added that he had been unable to teach it to any of his sons, so that, he supposed, the song would die with him. This, fortunately, is not so; but surely it accentuates the need of instant collection, if our folk-songs are to be preserved.

Jim Bishop sang this song, "Brimbledon Fair," and four others to me in September of last year. In the December following he gave me two more; but last Easter-tide when I again called upon him, he was too ill to sing. He died three months later.